

The
BRENTONIAN



BRENTWOOD COLLEGE
1965-1966



BRENTWOOD COLLEGE

MILL BAY, VANCOUVER ISLAND
BRITISH COLUMBIA

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D. D. MacKenzie, M.A., F.R.S.A.

Senior Master

P. C. Clarke, B.A.

Chaplain

Rev. P. G. Harris, S.T.H.

Bursar

L. M. Crookston

T. G. Bunch, B.A., English, Languages

P. A. Lanyon-Orgill, PH.D., M.A., F.R.A.S., Classics

D. J. Pope, B.A., History and English

J. O. Fraser, B.A., English, Geography

R. Orr, M.A., French, German

W. J. Burrows, B.SC., Tech., A.M.C.S.T., Science, Mathematics

R. G. Nash, B.SC., Biology

F. Martin, B.S.A., Physics, Mathematics

T. J. Browne, B.SC., H.D.E., Mathematics, Physics

W. T. Ross, B.A., Mathematics

I. R. Ford, M.A., English, Latin

A. Rees, DIP. PHYS. ED., History, Physical Education

A. C. Carr, M.A., P.C.E., Chemistry

C. Ross, B.A., French, History

GRADUATION DAY

The Headmaster in his report gave a brief resumé of the year's activities and noted with satisfaction the improving academic standards of the school which had come about through the efforts of a very able teaching staff. He made reference to the extension of the physical facilities including the magnificent new residence in front of which the guests were seated and stated that these additions now made it possible to accommodate 200 boys, the established maximum for Brentwood. His comments about extra-curricular activities were given a certain emphasis by the timely (or untimely) arrival of the Flying Club and various and sundry seagulls and dogs which added a note of excitement to the proceedings.

He then introduced Professor John Peter who treated us to an inspiring address during which he told the graduates in the words of J. M. Barrie that, "a glorious future lies ahead if you but look for it." The address was a magnificent composite of humour and serious message which the graduating class, and the rest of the school too, will remember for many a long day. Mrs. Peter presented the awards most graciously if occasionally with a touch of embarrassment because of the frequent visits of son Christopher to the prize table.

Whittall House was formally opened by Mr. H. R. Whittall who presented a plaque commemorating the occasion to Mr. Rees, the Housemaster. In his remarks Mr. Whittall emphasized the continuing need for discipline and noted that it was this quality and the high academic standards which fostered his interests in Brentwood.

The formal aspect of the afternoon being concluded the guests were invited to inspect the new house and to take refreshments afterwards in the school quadrangle.

PRIZE LIST

FORM PRIZES

Grade VIII	Donald Wood: Foundations of the Modern World
Grade IXB	John Hill: Heroes of Nowadays
Grade IXA	Kenneth Pite: The Century of Science
Grade XB	James Braiden: The Treasure Diver's Guide
Grade XA	Glen Hughes: Is Paris Burning?
Grade XI	Robert Leaf: The Last Battle
Grade XII	Christopher Peter: The Whole Wide World <i>The Butchart Trophy: Dux of the School</i>

SUBJECT PRIZES

ENGLISH

Senior: Christopher Peter: A History of English Literature

Junior: Kenneth Pite: West Viking

MATHEMATICS

Senior: Christopher Peter: Mathematics Dictionary

Junior: Michael Walter: The Language of Mathematics

HISTORY

Senior: Ralph Dale: Fall of the Dynasties

Junior: Stuart Mackenzie: Man and the World he Made

GEOGRAPHY

Senior: Brian Scott-Moncrieff: Canada: A Geographic Study

Junior: Richard Elias: The Great North Trail

PHYSICS

Senior: Richard Rollins: The Heritage of Man

BIOLOGY

Senior: Wade Cripps: Ideas in Modern Biology

CHEMISTRY

Senior: Robert McVicar: The Architecture of Molecules

SCIENCE

Junior: Glen Hughes, New Frontiers in Science

FRENCH

Senior: John Collison: L'Aiglon & Moliere

Junior: Donald Wood: Contes du Lundi (Accompanying Medal)

(Note: All French Prizes are awarded by courtesy of
The French Consulate General)

GERMAN

Junior: Sascha Angus: All the best in Germany & Austria

CLASSICS

Senior: Edwin Landale, The Ancient Greeks, Egyptian Mythology

LATIN

Junior: Peter McFarland: Revolutions of Ancient Rome

SPECIAL AWARDS

The Florence Scott Award for Outstanding Work in
Creative English..... Christopher Statham

The Earnshaw Trophy for a Superior Dramatic
Performance Dale Berry

The E. V. Young Memorial Trophy and Book Award
for the Student who contributed most to
The Dramatic Society Christopher Peter

The Davis Award and Book Prize for Outstanding Scholastic
Progress: Nominated: Kenneth Richardson, Stuart MacKenzie,
Richard Forbes. Winner Richard Forbes

The Cooke Trophy for Outstanding contribution to The Rugby
Club Terry Kirby

The Junior Citizenship Award: Nominated: Michael Richmond,
Peter McFarland, Joseph Milner, Donald Wood.
Winner Michael Richmond

The Powell Trophy for Senior Citizenship: Nominated: Robert
DeRoos, James O'Donnell, John Collison.
Winner James O'Donnell

The Yarrow Shield for Scholastic and Athletic Attainments:
Nominated: Richard Rollins, Roderick Garbutt.
Winner Richard Rollins

The Appleton Trophy for Outstanding Qualities
of Leadership John Feigl



PAUL AIKINS
Vancouver
School Prefect, First VII, First XV,
Athletic Colour.



SCOT CAMERON
Yukon
School Prefect, Flying Club.



DALE BERRY
Vancouver
School Prefect, First XV, Senior
Drama Award, Athletic Colour.



JOHN COLLISON
Vancouver
Tennis Captain, Drama Club,
Athletic Colour.



WADE CRIPPS
 Prince George
 School Prefect, First VIII.



ROBERT DE ROOS
 Vancouver
 Sailing Captain, Drama Club,
 Athletic Colour.



MICHAEL CROCKER
 Vancouver



LIONEL DOBSON
 Duncan



JOHN FEIGL
Vancouver
Head Prefect, Drama Club,
Leadership Award.



ROGER FULLER
Victoria
School Prefect, First XV, First VIII,
Athletic Colour.



DOUGLAS FIDDICK
Nanaimo
Drama Club.



BROOK GADDES
Victoria
Academic Colour, Drama Club.



RODERICK GARBUTT
Duncan

School Prefect, First XV, Track and
Field, Athletic Colour, Victor Ludorum.



MALCOLM GRAHAM
Duncan

First XV, Track and Field,
Athletic Colour.



DAVID GELPKE
Bahrein

Track and Field.



DEREK HARKEMA
Salt Spring

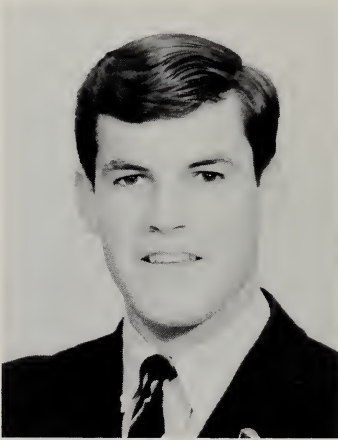
School Prefect, Track and Field, Cross
Country, First XV, Athletic Colour.



JAMES HUNTER
Victoria



DAVID LAMB
Calgary
School Prefect, Basketball, Track and
Field, Athletic Colour.



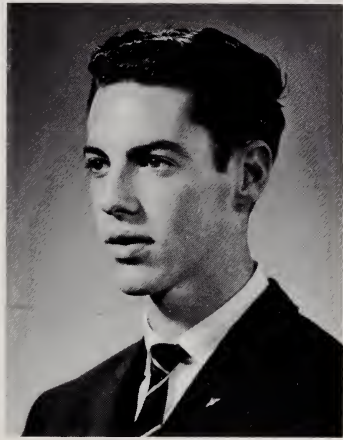
TERRY KIRBY
Vancouver
School Prefect, Captain First XV,
Track and Field, Athletic Colour,
Cooke Rugby Trophy, Drama Club.



EDWIN LANDALE
Vancouver
Academic Colour, First VIII,
Drama Club.



ROBERT McVICAR
Alberni
Academic Colour.



BRIAN NIXON
Thetis Island
Track and Field, Drama Club.



BRIAN MOORE
Victoria



JAMES O'DONNELL
Kelowna
School Prefect, Track and Field, Cross
Country, Athletic Colour, Drama Club,
Citizenship Trophy.



CHRISTOPHER PETER
 Victoria
 Academic Colour, Drama Club, Dux
 Award, E. V. Young Memorial Prize
 (Drama).



RICHARD ROLLINS
 Edmonton
 School Prefect, Academic Colour, First
 XV, Track and Field, Cross Country,
 Athletic Colour, Yarrow Shield.



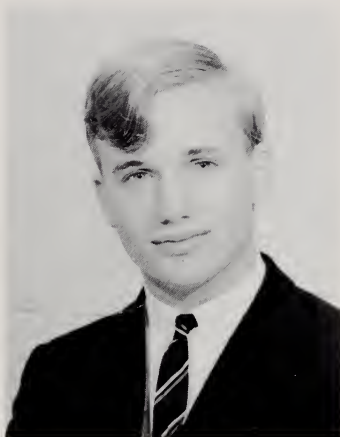
GORDON PYBUS
 Vancouver
 First XV, First VIII, Track and
 Field, Athletic Colour.



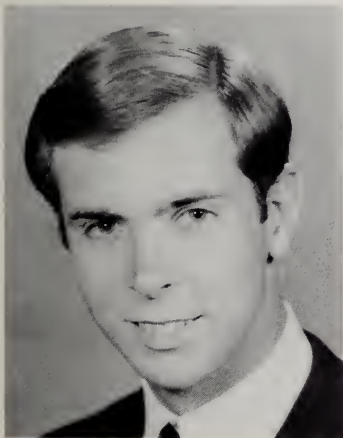
IAN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF
 Cobble Hill
 School Prefect, Track and Field,
 Athletic Colour.



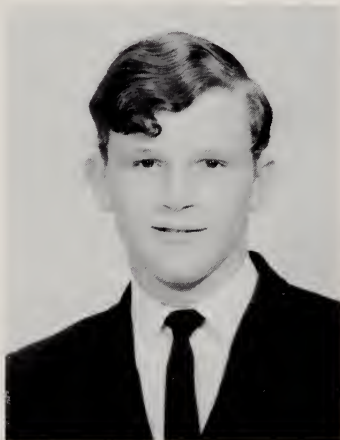
BRUCE SPANKIE
Calgary
School Prefect, Track and Field.



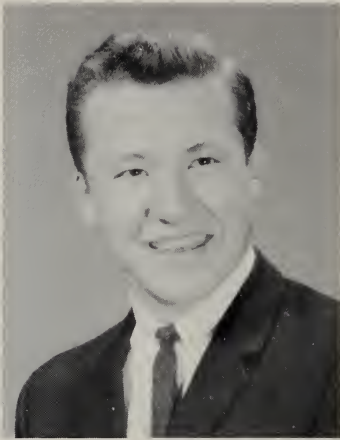
RICHARD STEVENSON
Vancouver
Cross Country.



BROCK SQUIRE
Vancouver
Tennis Team



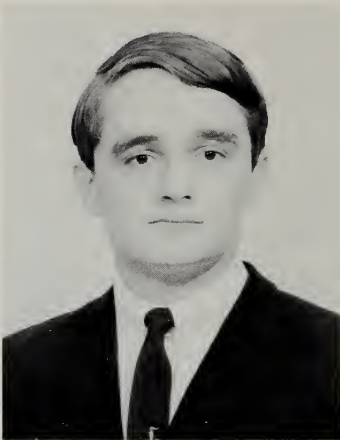
DAVID STONE
Duncan
First VIII



COLIN TASSIN
Duncan
Flying Club.



KEITH WASHINGTON
Cobble Hill
Cross Country.



HARRY TAYLOR
Victoria
Drama Club.



THOMAS WHIFFIN
Vancouver
School Prefect, Track and Field, Cross
Country, Athletic Colour.



DAVID WHITE
Duncan
First XV, First VIII, Athletic Colour.



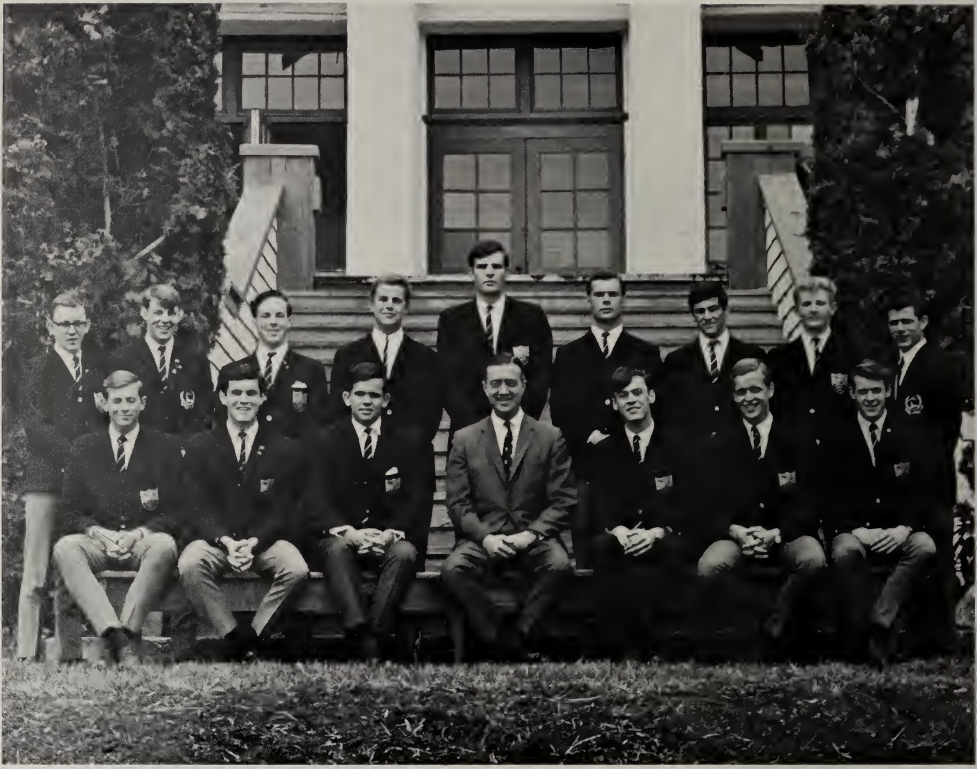
RICHARD WITTS
Duncan
Sailing Team



GORDON WILKINSON
Cobble Hill



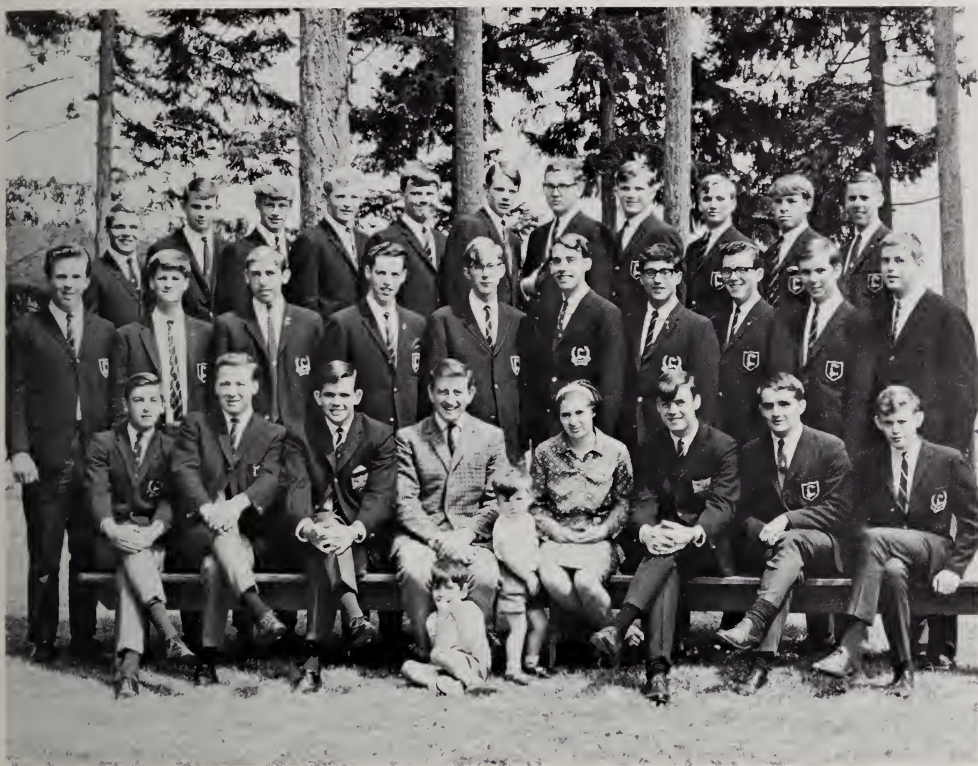
LLOYD YENDALL
Los Angeles
Drama Club.



PREFECTS

Standing (l to r): Bruce Spankie, Derek Harkema, Scot Cameron, Wade Cripps, Dave Lane, Mark Clark, Dale Berry, Rod Garbutt, Tom Whiffin.

Seated (l to r): Jim O'Donnell, Terry Kirby, John Feigl (Head Prefect), Mr. D. D. Mackenzie (Headmaster), Richard Rollins, Roger Fuller, Ian Scott-Moncrieff.



SENIOR HOUSE

SENIOR HOUSE NOTES

This was the first year of operation for Senior House and by and large the boys settled in very quickly. There was a certain amount of dormitory-trading, always a feature of beginning of term, but a routine was quickly established. The standard of neatness was high, and dormitory decor showed a wide variety of tastes. "Pop art" seemed to be the most common means of adornment. The boys took great pride in their new quarters which were kept in a high degree of tidiness.

Our principal House character was Harry Taylor whose antics kept everyone guessing as to what would happen next. At one point he was found sitting on the floor of his cupboard 'meditating'!

Culturally speaking the interests of the House seemed to be divided between the rarified philosophic atmosphere of the Landale-Peter dormitory and the folk-singers led by Brian Nixon and his pop group. Then of course there were the discussions evoked by the weekly sessions of Seven Days held under the auspices of the House-master in his living room. Could one include in this being awakened at seven a.m. by some person unknown declaiming from the more tender passages of Romeo and Juliet?

The House was led most ably by John Feigl with Rick Rollins as his second in command. They both gave excellent service. I am sure that every member of Senior House has benefitted by their leadership and example, and would join me in saying "thank you" and good luck to them. And good luck too, to the rest of Senior House.

A. Carr



WHITTALL HOUSE

PRIVETT/WHITTALL

The most significant feature of the year was undoubtedly the change of premises from the school block to the new house adjacent to the playing fields. The move was also accompanied by a change in name, and as from the start of the summer term Privett House became Whittall House. This much awaited change proved a tremendous success for we now have a magnificent modern unit with which the boys could really identify themselves.

After the inevitable teething problems which come with a change of environment, the House settled down to enjoy a very good term. An official "house-warming" was held, our guests being Strathcona Lodge Girl's School. By request the evening was an informal one

with a buffet supper followed by a social evening, and a good time appeared to be had by all. It was apparent from this stage onward that Whittall House had arrived on the Brentwood scene, and we all looked forward to the enjoyment of the many facilities at our disposal for the remainder of the year.

Our thanks go to the benefactors who provided us with a pool table, ping-pong table, and a dart board, for we now had a well-equipped common room that was never empty. Jim O'Donnell was an effective social convenor, and in the weeks remaining, he and his committee organized a Table Tennis Championship which attracted 42 entries. The final was an exciting one with Mike Ohman defeating Jim Guthrie two games to one. The spirit was now such that a challenge was made to Senior House in the form of a 20 x 440 yards relay match. In a very close race that saw the lead change hands several times Whittall emerged the eventual winners. This was the extent of our activities for the remainder of the year as examinations were upon us.

The official opening of the House was performed on June 25, and a plaque presented to commemorate the occasion. Our sincere thanks to Mr. Whittall for his generosity, and we hope to prove in the future that his investment was a productive one.

A. Rees



ELLIS HOUSE

ELLIS HOUSE

Whereas in past years the majority of the boys each September had been in the House before, this year only five were familiar with its eccentricities. Consequently as more than half the House were newcomers to Brentwood, the first half of the year was mainly a period of settling down, both in House and School.

No two rooms in Ellis House are alike and this architectural feature undoubtedly has a considerable psychological influence on the members who soon develop distinctive personal traits which make life much more interesting.

This year has seen the formation of groups — the guitar fraternity led by ski-champion Robert Archer, assisted by Bud Davis, our

telescopic expert, and the orange-peel quartet of no. 14. Then we had our active individualists — Alan “Macpuff” McCrindle and Terry “Abdul” Tannous, and our very own revolutionaries like Youbou Seed and Knu Sturdy, and also a house scape-goat called Bruce. The summer term was finally dominated by the activities of the Gnu Club, led by Richard “Super” Forbes — Craig Davidson’s counter-movement died a natural death after twenty-four hours, but of course the Housemaster (“Learned Gnu”) was not impartial in his judgments.

Whatever law and order has been maintained has been due to our prefects — Garbutt, Harkema, Spankie and White, and latterly to the monitors, Dale and Leaf, to all of whom go my grateful thanks.

Looking back over four years as Housemaster I have many pleasant memories but here perhaps I might see the House through the eyes of its members and no doubt when they come to look back on Ellis House and its lord and master they will remember two things: being scragged at “lights-out” and reading a plethora of notes in red-pencil on the bulletin board each morning. Some of you may have grumbled at the time but generally you have accepted — and heeded — these notes in the humorous spirit in which they were written.

P. A. Lanyon-Orgill



HOPE HOUSE

HOPE HOUSE

A varied and not uneventful year has come to its end and the Housemaster can now draw an easy breath. The basis of House life I often think, lies in the individuality of its members, and it is the expression of that individuality which makes House life interesting. We had a number of such "expressionists," and life was far from dull.

Probably the chief means of expression came when the nights and often the days resounded to the efforts of Messrs. Juhan, Hicks, Gladstone et al. to outdo the Beatles. I was quite amazed at the volume of sound emitted by four electric guitars all going at full strength. I was also amazed at my capacity for endurance. The

guitar craze endured and in due time quite a few boys became quite proficient.

Then there was the time when the Housemaster returned from town to discover a female department store plaster model esconced snugly in his bed and wearing a somewhat coy expression.

We had somewhat of a shock when Phil Ross was deluged with scientific information from the Soviet embassy regarding space items and Phil rapidly became the authority on the subject. It also became dangerous to walk about without keeping a wary eye out for the same gentleman on the prowl with his candid camera.

On weekends, again this year, the T.V. room was immensely popular, and it was interesting to note that Popeye the Sailor is still with us and going strong indeed. I may add that the cultural taste of the House still leans to Bonanza.

On the whole, our new Grade Eights proved a most cheery lot and life was enjoyed to the full. Whenever the lights went out or the T.V. set was "snowed up" I knew that David Gilmore was fiddling with his electronics devices again. It was quite surprising to hear his voice come out of the T.V. set one night when he was using a walkie-talkie with his room-mate down by the dock.

There were the dorms . . . ah, the dorms. Messrs. Richmond and Ruff had quite the finest collection of penants I have seen and if they had obtained them legitimately I wondered how they found time to go to school. Dan Westinghouse went all martial and had military helmets, someone acquired a bayonet and I quite expected to stumble over the odd Sten gun or two. A number of dormitories went on a painting jag in the fall term and the prize went to dorm twelve who ended up with royal blue and an arsenical green, a somewhat dazzling combination, to put it mildly.

I have to thank Roger Fuller and the other Prefects for their co-operation and support during the year. Much of the happiness of a House of smaller boys depends on the prefects, and their "reign" did a great deal in contributing to the esprit de corps of Hope House this year.

D. Pope





RUGBY

The 1965-66 rugby season has undoubtedly been the best at Brentwood since its opening some five years ago. The playing record is a very impressive one, but probably more significant is the manner in which rugby has been attacked throughout the school. The credit for this, must fall fairly on your shoulders, for it has been your efforts and enthusiasm that have made the year a successful one — for both players and loyal supporters a very special “thank you” from the staff.

It has been particularly encouraging to see the improvement in the lower school, for these are the players that will serve us well in the coming seasons. Working up the school, a special word to the 4th XV who get very little glory, but nevertheless persevere week after week — your efforts do not go unnoticed. The 3rd have also

had a good year, and many of these players will be challenging for a place in the first XV next season. For the first time in the history of the new Brentwood, a school team has gone through the season undefeated — this honour belongs to the 2nd XV. In any class of rugby this is an achievement, more so this year because many of their original number were moved up — this is not only a reflection on the ability of the remaining boys, but also on the depth of rugby in the lower teams. The 1st XV, despite heavy casualties has also had its best season. A tour of Great Britain at Christmas was not a success on paper, but it would be in no way a rationalization to say that every single boy profited from his experiences both on and off the field. Many of these boys will be returning next season, and along with several very promising players moving up the school, we all look to next year with considerable optimism.

Our thanks to Mr. Crookston and his staff for their tolerance over the past season, and also to Mrs. Hallett and staff for their kindness and understanding not only to Brentwood but also our guests.

Finally our thanks to the many parents who gave us their loyal support.

School Playing Record

	P	W	L	D	For	Against
	80	53	22	5	991	489
	P	W	L	D	For	Against
1st XV	18	13	4	1	249	91
Tour	5	0	5	0	15	72
2nd XV	14	14	0	0	238	37
3rd XV	12	7	5	0	161	85
4th XV	6	2	3	1	161	8
Colts	12	9	2	1	165	34
Junior Colts	13	8	3	2	114	65

N.B. A fitting climax to the season saw Terry Kirby score the 1,000th point in a Staff v. School game.

* * *

1st XV

Without question, the 1st XV this year has been the strongest side at Brentwood since its inception. Their record on paper is an

impressive one, but without some extraordinary injuries to key players during the year it might have looked even better. Clarke, Fuller and W. Cripps were lost to us at Christmas, and Dahl, Stothert, Dobson and White were lost at crucial stages after this time. However, capable deputies were found which is an indication of the standard in the senior school.

Our old rivals Shawnigan were beaten on two of the three we met this season; University School were also beaten twice during the year, but St. George's School appear to be our nemesis — we lost on both occasions. The Mid-Island was won this year, and it is hoped we can go on to gain the Island Championship. The team is very much a dry day one, and in this respect the elements have been against us. However, open rugby has been our target and to this end we have succeeded.

To those who leave us this year, we wish you every success — may you soon enjoy the social benefits of rugby.

DON TANSLEY — Probably the most improved player in "A" group — promoted late in the season. Good hands, brilliant tackler, and has learned quickly to make the extra man. Must work on his positional play, and cultivate a left-footed kick.

RICK ROLLINS — Top try scorer. Creative in all that he attempts — has a delightful swerve that has made him a match winner on many occasions. Defence needs attention.

TERRY KIRBY — An excellent Captain, and a fine player. Good in all aspects of the game. Had a lean period after Christmas, but is now playing better than ever. Drop kick specialist. Suggest he try full back or No. 8 next season.

MALCOLM GRAHAM — Fine turn of speed — illusive runner. Scores many tries but has problems with his balance. Suggest that with his speed, he might break more on the outside rather than always infield.

DEREK HARKEMA — Late promotion to the team. Unfortunate shoulder injury caused certain lack of confidence. Capable of some brilliant determined running.

DAI WILLIAMS — Successful move from full back to outside half. Has mastered most of the skills of the game. An intelligent footballer — lacks confidence to break at the moment. Fine place kicker although inconsistent of late — must decide to tackle his opposite number.

DAVID WHITE — An excellent season. Service from the scrum is long and quick. Made such rapid strides this season that the best of his play has yet to be seen. Must learn to kick for his forwards, and run a little more with the ball. Unfortunate break to his ankle late in season.

MARK STONE — A very good utility player. Safe hands and a very strong defence — must increase his speed if he is to remain in the backs. Feel he may end up as a wing forward.

SKIP STOTHERT — Promoted to pack leader after Christmas — has done a remarkable job always leading by example. A very rugged prop, but prone to injury — terrier in the loose but must gain a few pounds for the tight.

CLINT CRIPPS — A tireless worker who has been hampered by injury this season. Fast, industrious, but again lacking in pounds. An excellent team member.

RODDY GARBUTT — Hooker, a new position this year — has had great success not only in striking, but also as a loose forward. Probably the fastest player in the side.

GORDON PYBUS — Has made rapid strides this season — our heaviest forward. Equally at home in the front row or the second row — good in the loose of late. Prop is probably his best position. Must protect the jumper more and also the S.H. from line outs.

PAUL AIKINS — Very determined in all that he does; always in the thick of things. A little light for the second row but compensates with his covering. Should jump more in the line-outs.

ARNE DAHL — Potentially the finest forward ever at Brentwood. A line-out specialist who is extremely mobile — has all the physical qualities necessary to become a great forward, but so often lacks devil in his play. Must stop tapping and learn the tricks of his trade (in the air).

BARD HADDRELL — Won late promotion to 1st XV — has shown amazing improvement. Follows the ball, and is deadly close to the line scoring tries. His protection at the back of the line leaves much to be desired.

MIKE OHMAN — Very good back row player who executes many fine plays from No. 8. Fine hands, strong in defence, covering is excellent. More speed would help his play, and more push would help the hooker.

DALE BERRY — A tower of strength — often plays good games, more often plays brilliant ones. Has thought more about his position this season, and realized that contact with the outside half is not the only way to play wing forward. Predict a fine record at senior level.

DEAN SAWYER — Complete newcomer to the game who won promotion perhaps a little too soon. However, he has all the qualities necessary for a wing — quick off the mark, controlled left foot cross-kick, runs hard for the line. Tackling needs attention.

2nd XV

Led by Brock Squire, this team has created Brentwood history by going through the season undefeated. Many calls have been made on them for 1st XV players, but their ability and spirit have been such that they have overcome the odds. A team such as this has no brilliant individuals but play very much as a team — however, the pack leader deserves some special mention, for Colin Tassin did more than any to fire his forwards and also the remainder of the players. Congratulations to you all.

BROCK SQUIRE — Captain. Strong running wing who scored many opportunist tries. Good defence but inclined to turn in towards his forwards a little too often. Kicks well with either foot.

BRIAN NIXON — Powerfully built centre who was capable of splitting any defence. At times lacked the confidence to go really hard for the line. Developed into an excellent place kicker.

IAN SCOTT-MONCRIEFF — Unfortunate injury early in the season kept him out for a long period. However, on his return added strength to the back line. Very fast, but his defence and handling need attention.

JOHN MITCHELL — Beautifully balanced runner who was always on the verge of first team honours. Another individualist who scored many tries. Young and prone to injury which might account for lapses of confidence. Strong candidate for 1st team next season.

DAVID GELPKE — 100 per cent player. Lacked length of pass for a scrum half, but had most of the other qualities. Very fast away from the base of the scrum. Excellent defence.

DARWIN WATT — Won promotion to the team late in the season — gave some very creditable performances. Is still learning about his position, but will be a tower of strength next year.

COLIN TASSIN — Pack leader. Fiery and knowledgeable. Has the power of a forward and the speed of a back. Has had a tremendous influence on the team — must continue the game next year.

DAVID LAMB — Has shown more improvement than any other player. Line-out specialist, who dominated. Somewhat lethargic very early on, but completed the season in brilliant style.

JOHN FEIGL — Industrious prop who really enjoyed his game. Notorious for “hands in the loose,” but nevertheless worked very hard up front. Claimed the last try of the season.

A. Rees

3rd XV

The 3rd XV was the strongest in the history of the School. This was a very young side, and many of its members will make an impact on 1st XV rugby in the next year or two. The strength was in the pack, and they were never better in the tight or loose. A formidable front row, Hall, Newby, MacRae, B., gained a plentiful supply of the ball, and became adept at slipping. Farris and Dundee, though light, worked hard and jumped well. The wing forwards, Dobson, L. and Witts, were useful with the ball in their hands, but still have to learn to work hard all the time. Kenning and Whiffin combined well at half and the threequarters, Scott Moncrieff, De Roos, Hayes, Hutchings, though showing little subtlety, ran with great determination. Howarth at full back backed well, and when he came into the line looked the most dangerous runner in the side. A final mention must be made of John Collison who besides performing well at Number 8, also contributed much to the success of the side. As captain he built up team spirit and was punctilious in his treatment of guests.

I. Ford

4th XV

For the fourth team the season gradually deteriorated after Christmas following a very fine start. In the first series of Inde-

pendent schools games they held their own remarkably well at a level where the size of school is very important. However, following the British tour of the first team with its resultant injuries, promotion was necessary throughout the School resulting in many moves from fourths to thirds. As a further result the game against University School was somewhat of a tragedy although this was salvaged by a creditable performance against James Bay Juniors.

Overall a much improved season from last year and a set of players which should improve even further next year.

Colts XV

Although we started the season slowly, suffering defeat at the hands of Shawnigan and St. George's, the arrival of Davidson and Guthrie strengthened our backfield so much that we have since been unbeaten. The forwards, improving with every game, ensured us a good supply of possession, and with McMartin leading the backs this was converted into points — to date we have scored 165 points and conceded 34.

T. Browne

Junior Colts

As the results indicate this has been a creditable season. All the players have worked hard and as the vast majority of the boys were in their first season they can take pride in their accomplishments. Continuing effort in training and practice will bring further satisfaction to all players, and as a natural by-product — success.

P. Clarke

HEADMASTER'S REPORT OF RUGBY TOUR

Brentwood College Rugby Tour of the United Kingdom, 1965

The party of 20 boys accompanied by Mr. Rees and myself left Vancouver at 9:00 in the morning of Monday, December 6 and arrived at Prestwick at 7:00 a.m. local time the following morning. We proceeded by bus to Glasgow and from there by train to London

arriving at 5:00 o'clock in the afternoon. The train journey was undertaken in order to give the party the opportunity of seeing the country.

Our first game was against King's College, Wimbledon on Wednesday, December 8. The rugby aspect of the tour will be dealt with in a separate paragraph. Here I need only say that we were received most cordially, entertained to lunch and tea and shown around the School.

We then spent the next two days in London during which time a great deal of shopping was done and many theatre and cinema shows attended. The main objective of these two days was to allow the boys to wander about and get the feeling of London. I may say that the 11:00 o'clock curfew was punctiliously observed by all.

On Friday morning we travelled to Eastbourne by bus and played a game against Eastbourne College that afternoon. Once again we were received most cordially and entertained in magnificent fashion. We stayed the night in Eastbourne and, after the game, the College boys entertained ours so well that I believe that this was probably the high point of the tour. We returned to London again by bus the next morning and went to Twickenham, the home of English Rugby, to see a game between Cardiff, the premier Welsh club and Harlequins, the foremost English club. The following day was spent in sightseeing. Buckingham Palace, Westminster Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, St. Paul's and other places of interest were visited. Unfortunately, the Tower of London was not open for visitors and, though we saw it from the outside, we were not able to undertake the tour which we had so much looked forward to.

On Monday, December 13 we travelled to Edinburgh by train up the east coast of the country and arrived at Merchiston Castle School, where we were to stay until Thursday. There we were billeted in the Sanitorium in extremely comfortable quarters. We trained on the Merchiston playing fields, swam in their swimming pool and for three days almost became a part of that establishment. Unfortunately, we were not able to play the Merchiston team as they were away on tour. On Wednesday afternoon we played Edinburgh Academy who entertained us to lunch and tea and on Friday we visited Loretto for a game.

On Friday morning we moved from Merchiston to a hotel in central Edinburgh and stayed there until we left for Glasgow on Monday. During our stay in Edinburgh we were received by the Lord Provost. We toured Edinburgh Castle and Holyrood Palace.

The Scotsman, owned by the Canadian, Lord Thompson, gave a reception and dinner for us and later provided a great deal of very favourable newspaper coverage. We felt very flattered by the attention which Edinburgh gave us in all respects. While we were there also we watched a game at Murrayfield, the home of Scottish Rugby. The Scottish Rugby Union gave the boys the privilege of training on the International Ground and using the International Changing Rooms, a courtesy not very frequently extended to visitors.

On Tuesday we travelled to Glasgow where, immediately after our arrival we went to a Carol Service at Kelvinside Academy. We played a game there that afternoon and then the parents of Kelvinside boys took our lads into their homes for two days. This was another high point of the tour and I know the team enjoyed this fine hospitality immensely. Finally on Wednesday our hosts saw us off on the airport bus bound for Vancouver.

Our success on the ruby field was somewhat limited. Although we more than held our own forward in every game, we found back play rather more sophisticated than we are used to at home. Our problem was, of course, compounded by an extraordinary run of injuries which in some measure accounted for our defeat on three occasions. In one game we were able only just to put fifteen men on the field but unfortunately they didn't all fit into the right positions. In retrospect I believe it might have been to our advantage if we had arranged to play only four or even three games but, after all, rugby was really only the medium through which we chose to tour another country and all the games were vastly enjoyable. We were certainly never out-classed and opposition and newspapers alike were very complimentary about our play. Certainly our boys have gained very greatly in their knowledge of rugby.

Before closing I feel I must say a few words about the conduct of the boys which was absolutely magnificent throughout. At the conclusion of our flight to Prestwick the steward and stewardess came up to me and remarked that they had never looked after a nicer or better behaved group of youngsters. In Edinburgh *The Scotsman* officials and members of the Rugby Union paid compliment to the manners and the bearing of the boys. Mr. Rees and I gave them a certain amount of latitude, certainly much more than we give them at School, but absolutely no advantage was taken of this.

In closing I would like to express my gratitude to all the parents who made this tour possible. I believe that the experience was both

enjoyable and well worth while. The lads made friendships which I am sure will endure and certainly experienced much more than just a glimpse of students and schools in another country.

Results

December 8	vs.	King's College, Wimbledon	— lost 12-9
December 10	vs.	Eastbourn College	— lost 19-6
December 15	vs.	Edinburgh Academy	— lost 22-0
December 17	vs.	Loretto	— lost 15-9
December 21	vs.	Kelvinside Academy	— lost 5-0

Extract from letter received from Merchiston

“.....the boys made a very good impression both on and off the field. Many people here have remarked upon the excellent manners and high standard of discipline of the Brentwood boys. Miss Fraser, the San Matron, ... had nothing but praise for the behaviour of the Brentwood boys. Moreover, I heard some very favourable comments about the courageous defence of the team when they were really up against it in the Edinburgh Academy match.”

TRACK AND FIELD

Juniors

At the beginning of the season our team was very much an unknown quantity as is often the case at this level. However, as the season progressed there were many "finds" and the team emerged as one of the strongest on the island. Early victories were recorded at the expense of North Saanich Junior High School and Central Junior High School. And then came the Mid-Island Championships. As in previous years the meet was a straight fight between ourselves and Woodlands School with the latter again pipping us by the narrowest of margins. The last competition of the year was to prove a highly successful one, as we carried off the Independent School Championship in a most convincing manner.

In John Mitchell and Dai Williams we had two fine captains who not only set many records themselves, but also handled their team in a most competent manner. Seven records were broken during the season: Mitchell: 55.0 seconds (440 yds.), Dai Williams: 2:06:0 (880 yds.); 5'7" (high jump), 155'9" (javelin), 19'2" (long jump); Greg McMartin: 38'2½" (triple jump); Ron Sturdy: 17.4 sec. (120 yds. hurdles).

Several other boys broke the old records at various times. Philip Arnold, Rob Archer, Mike Hicks, Jim Guthrie, Jim Braiden and John Trumbull were also outstanding members of the team, and the future of Track and Field looks safe in their hands. Special mentions to David McIlveen and Byron Hudson who despite being in the Midget category performed admirably when their services were required. Congratulations and thanks to all the other boys who represented the Junior team.

Seniors

The Senior team opened the season with a convincing 93-80 win over Shawnigan Lake School and barring injuries we knew this would be a difficult team to beat. On the following Thursday we travelled to North Saanich and recorded our second win. An eagerly awaited match against Victoria Spartans had to be cancelled because of bad weather, but on May 10, we travelled again to Victoria to compete against University School. The team continued its winning streak and returned winners (92-80). However in Oak Bay High School we met our match and lost 86-82 points — unfortunately we also lost the services of two of our leading athletes Roddy Garbutt

and Arne Dahl with pulled muscles. Dahl recovered in time for the Mid-Island Championships at Nanaimo but not Garbutt, and this was unquestionably a contributing factor in losing to Shawnigan by 1½ points.

The final match of the season was the Independent School Championship on May 28. After five hours of competition the scores were Brentwood 106, Shawnigan 111, University School 90, St. George's 38, and with only the relay left everything hinged on this event. Shawnigan won a thrilling race and also the championship beating us again by one point.

On reflection this was probably the best year of track and field ever at Brentwood. Nine School records were broken: Ian Scott-Moncrieff 52.4 (440 yds.); Arne Dahl 16.7 secs. (120 yds. hurdles), 172 feet (javelin); Richard Rollins 2:02.6 (880 yds.); Jim O'Donnell 4:37.0 (1 mile); Tom Whiffin 10:33.2 (2 miles); Gordon Pybus 44'2" (shot put); Roddy Garbutt 41'9" (triple jump), 20'5" (long jump).

Other members of the team were Brian Nixon, Dean Sawyer, David Gelpke, Randy Howarth, Derek Harkema, David Lamb, Fred Hayes, Miles Dobson, Bard Haddrell, Malcolm Graham, Mark Clarke, Terry Kirby, and Brian Kenning. The latter was probably the most improved athlete of the year and should serve the School well next year.

Many of the team who leave us at the end of the year were the founder members of the School Track and Field Club, and they leave with our deepest gratitude, for it is through their efforts that the sport has proved to be such a success.

With some very strong juniors appearing and the return of many of the seniors, we look forward optimistically to next summer. Our thanks to parents, staff, and boys who were kind enough to officiate at meetings during the summer.

A. Rees

TENNIS

The 1966 season again proved a very full one for tennis activities. Three afternoons each week coaching sessions and team practices were organized by Mr. C. Ross and myself, with some 47 students of all ages and abilities taking part.

Some apprehension marked the opening of our fixtures for six of last year's team members had graduated, leaving only Collison and Boulton to head this year's team. Our fears were allayed, however, when in early training sessions Tansley, Stothert and Ohman appeared to have added a new strength and determination to their games. Finally, these players, together with Collison and Boulton formed a very sound team core for all matches, supplemented by the occasional appearances of Stone, Mitchell, Kerr, Feigl, Squire, Howarth and Wood.

In general our real strength still lies in ground strokes, though overhead work, service and volley have improved considerably.

Collison and Boulton, a sensitive and accurate first pair, have had a successful season, though there were times when their commendable caution degenerated into downright timidity. Both players are unduly fond of the back-court where admittedly Collison's steady ground strokes and fine lob were often used to advantage. With more speed and a stronger first service, Boulton could brave the centre-court and net far more.

Tansley and Stothert have been a most useful second pair, improving steadily throughout the season. Of the two Tansley plays the more orthodox game, but Stothert's contribution in terms of determination and tenacity has been invaluable.

In third pair Ohman experienced many partners from our list of occasional players, a not entirely satisfactory arrangement. It is possible that Ohman has our greatest tennis potential in terms of all-round game once his lack of speed and agility on the court can be overcome.

Of the nine matches played against University School, St. George's, Central Junior High School, Oak Bay Tennis Club and Cowichan Tennis Club, 4 were won, 3 were lost and 2 were drawn. The end of the season saw Colours and Pin awarded to John Collison and Pins awarded to D'Arcy Boulton, Don Tansley, Skip Stothert and Mike Ohman. Alongside our parting good wishes to graduate John Collison go our sincere thanks for all the efficient administrative work he performed during the season.

T. Gil. Bunch



ROWING

The interest and participation in rowing was greatly increased this year by the arrival of a good but used four, and two singles from overseas. Much of our time was spent in the repairing and refinishing of our equipment but this paid a handsome result by the end of the summer term. As rowing is one of our summer sports much intensive training has to be done and this makes, perhaps, rather a greater demand on the boys than would necessarily be the case in other activities.

In competition this summer we recorded wins against Claremont and against the third eight from Shawnigan Lake School. In the schoolboy championships we ranked third after Shawnigan and Greenlake respectively. Our first and third crews gave a good showing for themselves in both coxed and coxwainless events. Special mention must be made of Paul Aikins, who won the Junior Singles; and David White who placed second in the senior singles events.

The Crews

First Crew: D. Stone, C. Cripps, D. White, P. Aikins (stroke), S. Cooke, cox.

A light but well knit crew, who followed a gruelling training schedule and closely challenged the rival Shawnigan first crews. Both David White and Paul Aikins were awarded Colours for their efforts and their contribution to rowing in the School.

Second Crew: R. McVicar, E. Landale, W. Cripps, C. Gardiner (stroke), B. Gaddes, cox.

This crew suffered injuries and promotions and rarely did the same four boys crew together for more than a week. Roger Fuller rowed number three until forced out by illness.

Third Crew: L. Bakos, A. Wilson, B. MacRae, G. Hughes (stroke), T. Davis, cox.

A very promising young crew with two year's of schooling ahead of them. They have developed very quickly and with some corrections in style, should be strong contenders for the School championship next year.

Fourth Crew: M. Richmond, D. Boyles, D. Milroy, C. Fisher.

A young but stylish crew who have shown enthusiasm and worked conscientiously during this last term.

No report would be complete without mentioning the inter-Form races. The event was won by 10A but credit should be given to 11B and 9A who reached the semi-finals. The final clash was between 12S and 10A on a stormy afternoon, the decision to hold the race at all being the subject of much criticism by the losing team.

In conclusion I would like to thank all who were involved, and those who assisted me this year.

A. Carr

SAILING

The Sailing Club has enjoyed another successful year. Some twenty-two boys qualified as coxswains, which makes a total of fifty-three boys in the School who can now be classed as competent sailors.

Highlight of the season, of course, was competition against Shawnigan Lake School for the Brentwood's Cup. This year, by token of winning the previous year's event, we were the hosts. Lionel Dobson, with Richard Witts as crew, sailed a very fine first race and beat the Shawnigan first boat handily. In the second race Shawnigan were first round the far buoy, but DeRoos and Witton overtook them just short of the second buoy and sailed home to win by a whisker. The third race, therefore, was of academic interest only, but it was sailed anyway and once again the Brentwood crew of Malcolm and Paul Graham was victorious. This was a very convincing win and much credit is due to the captaincy of Bob DeRoos who directed tactics and practices.

The junior sailors had two meets against Glenlyon School in Victoria, losing one and tying the other. We enjoyed these races very much indeed, but most particularly as they supplied a much-needed competitive flavour amongst our junior sailors.

Though it hardly falls under the heading of sailing, perhaps some mention should be made of the Kyak Club. Several boys, once again under the leadership of Bob DeRoos, built their own kyaks and there has been much friendly rivalry in the bay of late. In this water-sport too, we hope eventually to enjoy some competition from other schools.

F. Martin



BASKETBALL

The senior team enjoyed what was perhaps its most successful season. In seven league games played, five resulted in victories. The two losing games were very closely contested ones, the second match not being decided until the final second of play. Individual honours went to Arne Dahl as he had the highest point per game average.

The season's end was climaxed by the winning of the Independent School's Basketball Tournament for the second time in two years. The final victory over University School came on a basket by Miles Dobson in the closing seconds of play. Gaining all-star recognition were Arne Dahl and Mike Ohman. Without detracting from these individual honours it must be said that the tournament win was by

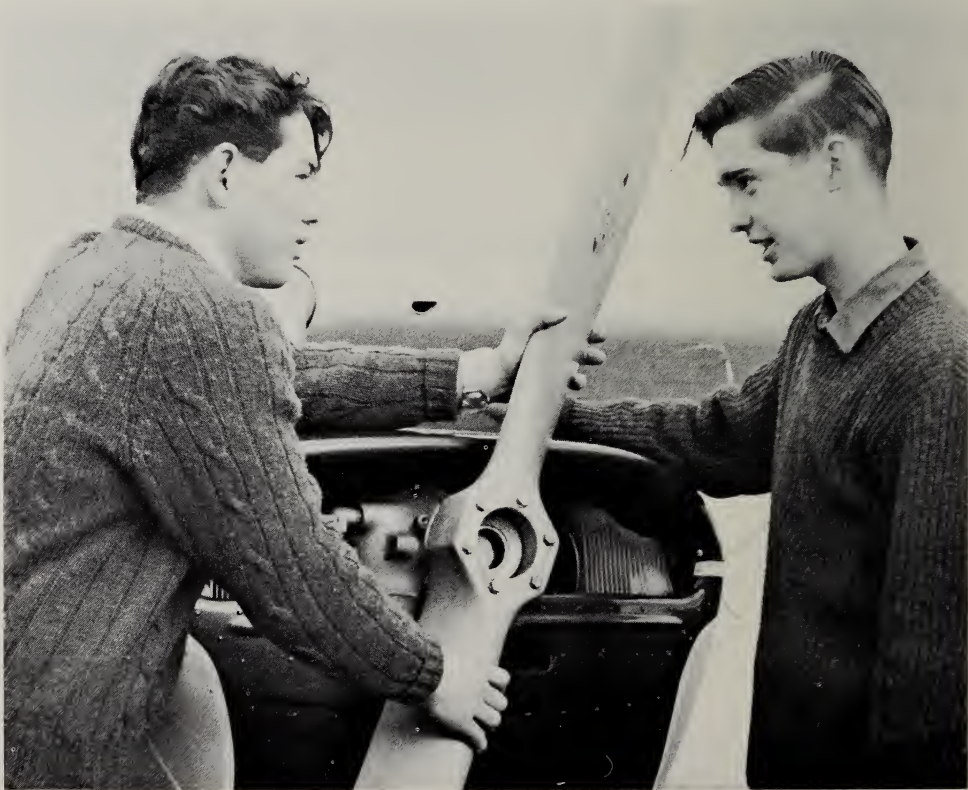
and large a team effort, with juniors Guthrie and McMartin playing valuable substitute roles.

We are anticipating another fine season in 1967. David Lamb, our valuable forward, will not be with us, but other than that the senior team will all be returning. The season will include increased league competition for both seniors and juniors. In tournament competition we expect to compete in the playdowns for the provincial school championship, and to repeat for the third straight time as champion of the Independent Schools Championship.

W. T. Ross



Two Brentwood College students inspect the two-place Cessna 150 aircraft in which each hopes to fly solo within a few weeks. Gordon Newby, left, of Chilliwack, and Fred Liggett, Mill Bay, are this year's recipients of the two scholarships awarded annually to the Brentwood Flying Club by Victoria Flying Services Ltd.



FLYING

“Born of the sun they travelled a short while towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honour.”

Stephen Spender

Speech Day at Brentwood took on a new dimension this year. Normally a day of high excitement with guests, gowns and graduates, this year's air was literally, as well as metaphorically, supercharged. Members of our newly-formed Flying Squad, probably the first of its kind in Canada, had promised a “fly-past.” Not that such a spectacular event had ever been the *raison d'être* of the club: no, its aims were far more materialistic, far less sensational. But, in a slightly humorous vein, it did seem a most fitting and dramatic climax to club members who could now scarcely answer their names at roll call without an added panache.

A squad of seven students was on course, five of whom had completed their training and were shortly to receive their licenses. It is to the lasting credit of “The Flying Seven,” Craig Davidson, Bruce Douglas, John Haverlock, Bill Lewis, Fred Liggett, Gordon Newby and Colin Tassin, that for once they were able to “steal the Headmaster's thunder” by completely drowning at least two-thirds of his report. Indeed between their aerial distractions, those in the undergrowth offered by Sport, the Headmaster's dog and erstwhile friend, and the completely unrehearsed seagull attack, Speech Day rapidly took on the appearance of a dramatized chapter from *Decline and Fall*.

Throughout the year, with the assistance of the Victoria Flying Services, flying had been offered as an alternative in the sports programme. At a very reasonable cost students had participated in a most comprehensive training programme which included ground and flight instruction up to the private license standard. In addition, two annual scholarships, currently held by Fred Liggett and Gordon Newby, had kindly been provided by the Victoria Flying Services, with a view to further post-graduate training in float and night flying.

As term closes enthusiasm for this new and exciting venture runs very high. Not only with a practical eye to future careers in civil aviation, but also to less tangible but present benefits in terms of challenge, responsibility and growth, the club looks forward to many speedy take-offs and happy landings.

R. Nash

DRAMA

“The purpose of playing . . . both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as ’twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.”

HAMLET, ACT III, SC. II

BRENTWOOD COLLEGE DRAMA CLUB

Presents by Special Arrangement with Samuel French
ARNOLD WESKER'S

Chips with Everything

CAST

CONSCRIPTS

Cannibal Arne Dahl
Charles John Dundee
Pip Robert Leaf
Wilf Brook Gaddes
Andrew Terry Kirby
Ginger Edwin Landale
Dodger Chris Peter
Dickey Jim O'Donnell
Smiler Harry Taylor
Airman Terry Tannous

OFFICERS

Wing Commander . . . Chris Statham
Squadron Leader . . . John Collison
Pilot Officer Robert De Roos
Flight Sergeant . . . John Mitchell
Corporal Hill Dale Berry

1st Corporal Bruce MacRae
2nd Corporal Volkert Volkensz
Guard Mark Walter

There will be an intermission of 15 minutes at the end of Act I.

Directed by ROBERT ORR

Assistants to the Director: CHRIS PETER, DON WOOD

Design of Set, Sound and Lighting by ROBERT ORR

It is doubtless a sign of the times that the basic theme of Wesker's *Chips with Everything* is the revolt, articulate or inarticulate, intelligent or instinctive, of the individual against any social framework. Wesker demonstrates that however much people may wish to break the mould which shapes their lives, they will unite in distrusting—even in attacking—any individual who successfully exists outside that mould.

In *Chips* the Wing Commander is the representative of order. Order is the point of his whole being. The raw recruits who, in peacetime, are thrust upon him are by their ignorance and stupidity a threat to that order. Pip, the upper-class recruit is in revolt against the world that made him; he is also angry with the underlings for their willingness to be so; and he maintains against both sides his particular cross-fire of contempt in his successive clashes with one aspect after another of the system he hates.

The main theme of the play is the abuse of authority. Wesker's thesis is quite simply that all power corrupts, and that we must turn towards a world in which the exercise of authority by one human being over another is no longer necessary or possible.

PRODUCTION STAFF

Set: Frank Martin and members of the Senior Drama Club

Lighting and Sound: Brian Nixon, Doug Fiddick

Properties: John Collison

Drill: Peter McLennan

Publicity and Programmes: Morag Robertson

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Victoria Daily Times, The Daily Colonist, CFAK, CKDA, CHEK-TV, University School Cadet Corps, Comox RCAF Station.

College Play Now Tradition

All schools love tradition and Brentwood College is no exception.

The school's drama club, in staging *Chips With Everything* at the McPherson May 6 and 7,

is following the "tradition" started last year with the staging of the successful *Anti-gone*.

The Arnold Wesker play of service life — a mild version of

The Hill — was chosen by the private boys' school mainly because it has an all-male cast. Ages of cast members in this week's production range from 14 to 17.

To inject as much realism as possible, director Robert Orr, a master at Brentwood College, called in Peter McLennan, an ex-army drill instructor, to coach the boys for the drill sequences.

Although this is a school effort, the play is being presented as public entertainment. Public support will dictate whether the tradition thrives or expires.

Lively scene from Brentwood College's production of *Chips With Everything* shows Archie (Arne Dahl) encouraging colleagues to drink up during Christmas party in NAAFI. Play opens at McPherson Friday.



Upper-Class Misfit Revolts Against Military Authority

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING
Brentwood College Drama Club
McPherson Playhouse
CAST

Concepts—
Catholics—
Charles—
Pip—
Andrew—
Ginger—
Dicker—
Smiler—
Alfrans—
Wing Commander—
Squadron Leader—
Pilot Officer—
Flight Sergeant—
Corporal Hill—
1st Corporal—
2nd Corporal—
Guard—

By NORMAN CRIBBENS

This thoughtful play by Arnold Wesker is chiefly concerned with individuality and the abuse of authority at an RAF station in England.

As interpreted by the Brentwood College Drama Club Friday night, it is slow in development and doesn't quite get into its stride until the last part of the first act. From then on, it becomes an intriguing study in human relations and the climax carries a well-earned punch.

The staging is the large cast worked hard to and effect to a script.

The play suggests ever much people who the conventions which their lives, they will distrusting — or even if any individual who such exists outside those conventions.

In this case, the difference between individuality and forces of authority is symbolized by a group of raw recruits to the RAF and the officers and NCOs placed over them.

Robert Leaf turns in competent performance as the upper-class recruit who is in revolt, not only against authority, but the world which made him. He is angry with the officers for suppressing individuality and with his fellow recruits for submitting to their absolute rule.

The wing commander, as played by Chris Statham, is the

symbol of law and order. He detests civilians because they do not conform to his rigid and unimaginative concept of discipline, and he resents the peacetime recruits who are thrust upon him.

The role is part caricature and Chris Statham has no easy task in making his wing commander a ludicrous yet formidable figure. He did well in the circumstances.

Dale Berry was fairly convincing as the hard-trying corporal who licks the recruits into shape but at times seemed uncertain of what he was meant to be — a ferocious disciplinarian or a fatherly gentle fellow.

Harry Taylor as Smiler (another misfit) worked a little light relief into a rather ponderous play and attracted both laughter and sympathy.

Two able performances were those of Terry Kirby as Andrew and John Dundee as Harry Taylor.

Arne Dahl

Improved in the second act, perhaps because it is by far the most interesting half of the play. The square-bashing in the early scenes was too prolonged. For one thing, it has been done too often in the movies.

Chips With Everything will be repeated tonight at 8:30. It is directed by Robert Orr, assisted by Chris Peter and Don Wood.

The effective set is by Frank Martin and members of the senior drama club; lighting and sound by Brian Nixon and Doug Fiddick; properties by John Collinson; drill by Peter McLennan.

Gallant Attack Launched On Hard Stage Target

By BERT BINNY

The Brentwood College Drama Club gave the first of two performances of Arnold Wesker's "Chips With Everything" at the McPherson Playhouse on Friday evening.

Unhappily this performance can be summed up as a gallant but unsuccessful attempt to achieve a very hard goal. The play didn't come off as a whole, there were short interludes that definitely did. Actually, the state of affairs turned out to be that the fewer the number of people involved in the better that scene

there was an interlude depicting how to filch a bucket of coal from under the very nose of a sentry and from over a high wire fence.

Once the action began not a word was spoken, but the organization and execution of the bit of petty thievery evoked spontaneous and genuine applause from the audience.

Probably the reason that the play as a whole didn't come off was that the actors, while they may well have known what they were meant to do, it wasn't theirs; the script was too difficult and even the director's sympathetic and detailed direction cannot impart understanding and the capacity of the



BACKSTAGE

with
Patrick O'Neill

A controversial modern English play, a classic piece of Theatre of the Absurd, a two-corps thriller and a bit of apple tree Americana are on the spring payroll for Victoria.

Robert Orr, teacher at Brentwood College and one of the Venus Observed cast members, is directing Arnold Wesker's "Chips With Everything."

The play, which caused a stir when produced in Britain, is a satire on RAF recruits. It is, in author, an outcry only.

Who has been directed at cast since Feb. 1965 this as an "abuse of authority."

There are 11 scenes in the first act, 12 in the second act, all created by lighting.

Has the idea of the play come across strongly to the young recruits? "Not too much yet," Mr. Orr said, "we're too far from the finished product. But it will come."

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HATCHING A PLOT against officers at a Royal Air Force conscript training base is typical of the continual struggle of the individual against society implicit in Arnold Wesker's drama, Chips With Everything, to be

presented tonight and Saturday at McPherson Playhouse by Brentwood College Drama Club. Plotters, left to right, foreground, are Terry Kirby, Robert Leaf and John Dundee.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING STRONG PLAY

Arnold Wesker is regarded as one of England's brightest luminaries among the young playwrights and Chips With Everything has been his greatest success on both sides of the Atlantic.

This is the play that Brentwood Drama Club will bring to McPherson Playhouse next Friday and Saturday.

Directed by Robert Orr, it has a cast of 19 headed by Robert Leaf, Dale Berry, Chris Statham and Harry Taylor in the lead roles.

The play takes place in an RAF training camp for conscripts and deals with the themes that all power corrupts, showing the individual in revolt against established order.

This is Brentwood College Drama Club's second appearance at the McPherson where they presented the striking production of Antigone directed by Gil Bunch last year.

Tickets are on sale at McPherson box office.

OLD BOYS' NEWS

At Speech Day on Saturday, June 25, the bright suggestion was made that an Old Boys' Section should be included in *The Brentonian*. This idea is heartily endorsed but with only a week in which to compile it the Secretary finds himself faced with a dilemma.

The object of the innovation is to acquaint Present and Old (in more senses than one) Boys with some of the activities and news concerning some of the Old Boys of the School. The success of this venture depends, of course, on an adequate source of information and a sincere plea is made to all Old Boys to provide the Secretary with such details, not only about themselves but — if they are so self-effacing — about others known to them. Many of us through the years and from time to time have enjoyed reminiscing about the old days and about "what has become of . . .?" but nobody has recorded such matters at the annual Old Boys' meetings, and perhaps many of the Present Boys do not realize that there has been an annual meeting of the Old Boys even through the forlorn years since the old school was destroyed by fire when the hope of resurrecting it seemed to be increasingly remote until Mr. A. C. Privett inquired whether anyone knew of the whereabouts of the old school register as "Someone" was thinking of starting a school with the aims and ambitions of Brentwood. That "Someone" turned out to be present Headmaster, Mr. David Mackenzie. One thing led to another and the combination was the re-establishment of Brentwood College under the jurisdiction of a Board of Governors originally constituted by Old Boys of the School. Perhaps one day the sequence of events, the trials and vicissitudes, will be chronicled for posterity, but for the present they remain engulfed in a massive collection of Minutes, Memoranda and Correspondence, which form the data for a research project of the future.

And what has happened to some of those Old Boys — those who are now old Old Boys? The following are random thoughts, possibly inaccurate or at best inadequate, but in attempt to get the show on the road:

Did you know that:

One of the Royal Canadian Navy heroes of World War II, Lieutenant-Commander J. H. Stubbs, D.S.O., R.C.N., who lost his life when in command of H.M.C.S. *Athabaskan* off the coast of France was an Old Boy of Brentwood?

The present President of McGill University, formerly Professor of Surgery at U.B.C. and McGill, Dr. H. Rocke Robertson, was at Brentwood in the late twenties?

Another Old Boy, Dr. Don Wilson, has also distinguished himself in the field of Medicine and is now Professor of Medicine at the University of Alberta?

Hope House and Ellis House are named as a tribute to two former Headmasters, H. P. Hope, the first Headmaster of the School, and Captain Martin Ellis who succeeded him?

Recently those who knew them have mourned the loss of Air Vice-Marshal C. T. Weir, R.A.F., who died while holding the appointment of Air Attache to Washington and of Dr. John McCaffrey, a well-known urologist in Vancouver, after a prolonged illness? The sincere sympathy of the Old Boys is expressed to the widows and dependents of these two Brentonians.

If the above brief comments seem to be weighted with a Medical and Service flavour, the fault lies with your Secretary for his interests, with you, the Old Boys, for not providing information of a wider scope, and with circumstances for not allowing time for the correction of such news items. In future, may there be a more complete and better report but above all an adequate source of information and a more informed Secretary. It's up to you!

THE EAGLE

Atop a bare branch sat the Eagle.
The symbol of three hundred years
of pain, toil, grief, sweat and tears.

The Eagle sat staring, as eyes
grey golden in the setting sun
saw silhouettes of what man had done.

Steel claws stretching skyward; battlements
of the twentieth century, spewing smoke,
soot and ash, clouding blue with a black cloak.

The Eagle sits alone looking longingly
to hills where two tall timbers stand
amidst a charred, eroded wasteland.

The Eagle saw mountains beyond factories
with blue rivers running down; now red
with waste and scales of fish; now dead.

But the Eagle knew of beauty still untouched;
there were forests, parks and deserts to view,
but he would not see them, from the city zoo.

Bill Morkill

Poem contributed by W. Morkill, Brentwood Graduate June 1965.
Mr. Morkill is currently attending Lewis & Clark College, Oregon.
"The Eagle" originally appeared in the campus newspaper, *The Log*.

SONNET

Thee do I love, am I to blame
That my burst passion doth thy brow
Anoint with scorn for my love's vow?
With tender longing, without shame
I yearn for thee, as men for fame.
And thou dost love me, show it now
For my heart burns with pain and thou
Art that cool ecstasy quenching my flame
Yet kindling to the peak of agony
Its incandescent joy, my secret love.
My love is like a forest spring,
A sourceless rush, pouring infinity.
Yet like a spring when clotted o'er
Its bondage breaks, and pours but more.

Christopher Peter

JET SONG

When the checking is done
The reports all seen,
When you're cleared for the run
The lights glowing green.
Hear the jets!

Hear them snarl at your back
As you're stretched on the rack;
Feel your neck grind its rest
The weight clamp your chest,
Hear them pulse, hear them beat,
As you flow through your feet.
Feel them strive, feel them drive
Straining steel,
Come alive,
Her jets!

Christopher Statham

“THE LIAR”

The Wescott Elementary School had had its share of trouble makers and problem children before but Andrew Thorpe was an exception to all these cases. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Thorpe were divorced and Andrew and his younger sister Dianne went to live with their mother. At that time Andrew was six and just beginning elementary school, his sister was just four. Andrew had never liked his mother for she had always been too strict with him, so, every chance he got, he would rebel against her. These rebellions would always end in his being sent to his room, without dinner, a punishment that he could not stand. A feeling of insecurity soon blanketed his emotions; Andrew fell back into a world of dreams.

During the duration of his six years at Wescott Elementary in Norfolk, Nebraska, his home town, Andrew made very few friends. He tried several ways of getting “in” with the other boys of his class, but to no avail. Andrew became a lone wolf for he had no one to turn to. His mother, after his sister began school, opened a Beauty Salon to keep the family from sinking into debt. She was never at home to solve his troubles. His teacher, Miss Charles, was in her middle forties, a staunch old lady who had disliked the boy ever since she had caught him lying about his school work. She never quite cured him of his lies. She scolded him severely and once or twice even sent letters home to Mrs. Thorpe. Despite these attempts to put him back on the straight and narrow path, Andrew began to lie more and more. He would brag to the boys in his class of his father’s racing cars or about his own double engined go-kart or even about a huge indoor swimming pool at his house. Doing this, he thought, might gain him a few friends, and for a while he did appear to have some. But as his lies became bigger and bigger his friends grew fewer and fewer for it was obvious that he was not telling the truth. Maybe when Andrew started school he didn’t have any friends but he certainly didn’t have any enemies. Now, he was the most hated boy in the school. He became known as “little liar,” even his sister abhorred him, for his reputation was costing her many of her friends.

By the time Andrew was fourteen the whole town of Norfolk knew of his reputation. At high school he got the feeling that he was no longer wanted; in the town his fellow students would swear and laugh at him, and sometimes bully him, especially, when they

found that he was lying to them. The girls would not walk with him or, for that matter even be seen talking to him and his teachers would pick on him at the slightest opportunity.

Andrew left Norfolk in the tenth grade, leaving the town and his home for good. He didn't know where he was going but he knew that he couldn't live at home any more for life was unbearable. With the money that he had saved from a paper route he bought a one way train ticket to Milwaukee where he would look for a job, and try to outrun his lies. It was a week later when the little boy finally found a cheap boardinghouse on the outskirts of the city. It was only a small, dark room with a wash basin in the corner, and a view of the neighbour's backyard, but Andrew didn't mind, for he thought that it would only be a brief stay until he got a job and earned enough to afford an apartment. The next day, with the few odd remaining dollars in his pocket, Andrew went job hunting. He didn't have any set plans although he did have a few ideas about the future, maybe as a business administrator. Nothing turned up that first day, but the young lad wasn't worried for he was more interested by the new city than by a job. The next day however, he awoke early because of the beams of sunlight that strained to get through the cotton curtains, and decided to get an early start with the day's activities. He knew that he could not survive much longer on his remaining cash. After a skimpy breakfast of cold cereal and coffee he set out.

Andrew arrived at his first destination, the unemployment office, early in the morning. The pretty young lady at the back of the room came forward and said,

"Good morning Sir, may we help you?"

"Yes," replied Andrew in the most dignified voice at his command, "I am hoping to obtain a job, preferably as a business administrator."

"Yes, would you like to follow me, please sir?"

The two walked down what seemed like an endless corridor until finally she showed him into a room in which sat a middle aged man probably in his early forties. He greeted Andrew warmly and as they sat down the boy began to explain the type of employment that he was seeking. Although Andrew Thorpe had not had a great deal of education he was able to get a job as an apprentice at P. R. Black & Son Appraisers, he would be paid \$50 a week. Andrew realized that this wasn't much but what could he expect for a Grade 10 education?

"Thank you Sir," said Andrew, as they were completing the arrangements, "I am very happy to have found a job so quickly, and I can assure you that I will stay with it for as long as I can."

However no falser words were ever said, for Andrew was trying to forget his past, and so he never mentioned his one fault, which eventually was to ruin him for life.

Andrew was at his job no longer than two weeks, when the manager found that he hadn't done a job that he said he had. The company was lenient, however, and gave him a second chance. But they were somewhat sceptical about his character by this time. Andrew did lie again, his lies were turning from the minor ones that he told as a child in order to gain friends to those that he told to survive. Andrew never did move into an apartment in Milwaukee, for he packed his bags and stole away in the middle of the night. His rent money was overdue and his credit had long since expired.

History seemed to be repeating itself, Andrew Thorpe hadn't realized the serious trouble that he was in, as he went blindly on to a new city, a new experience and a new fate.

It was 4:00 a.m. in Milwaukee when he boarded a train headed for the Twin Cities. The station reminded him of the pictures he had seen of the beaches of Dunkirk after the evacuation of the B.E.F., when only the tangled jungle of steel remained. For the next four hours Andrew sat staring straight ahead, an eternity of time, it seemed to him, he pondered over his past history and his future life. It seemed strange he thought that he had met no one in Milwaukee whom he could call his friend, but he wasn't really lonely. It also occurred to him that he had made a good number of enemies including the housekeeper and the manager of the company. He thought mainly of his future with the Twin Cities, this time he was determined not to lie and not to lose his job. After that he fell into a dream world. The next thing he knew was the train conductor was saying "Come on son, you only paid for a one way ride to St. Paul so you have got to get off here."

At this Andrew belligerently got off with his only possession, an old soiled laundry bag that he had found in the boardinghouse, which served as a knapsack for his few personal possessions.

For the next week Andrew tried every conceivable prospect, from janitor in a department store to gardener on an estate on the outskirts of the city. No one wanted the young man. It was his eighth day in St. Paul, the rain was pouring in such torrents that the streets resembled rivers and the cars and busses ferries. For a mid-

August afternoon life looked very depressing. But for Andrew life was practically unbearable, even more depressing was that this was his seventeenth birthday and he would't even have remembered it if he hadn't noticed a stack of birthday cards in the window. His stomach hadn't felt any food in two days and his head had not felt a soft pillow in nearly twelve days. Walking past a cafe he noticed, between the beads of condensation that ran in kaleidoscopic patterns down the window, a sign saying, "FREE COFFEE TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS."

He decided to take advantage of this generosity, and walked inside. Seeing only one vacant seat he wasted no time in sitting down in it. After catching his breath and peeling off his wet car coat, he noticed a young girl, maybe a little younger than him, seated next to him. With brown hair that dropped to her shoulders and petit and very charming features she could be claimed pretty by any man.

"Terrible weather we're having these days," said Andrew as he waited for his coffee.

"Yes, you're right I can't remember a worse summer," she replied.

"In Norfolk, where I lived, the summer temperature never used to drop below eighty degrees."

"Oh, you're a visitor to St. Paul then?" she sounded surprised.

"Yes, but I've only been here for a week or so . . . you see I ran away from home four months ago.

As he unfolded his sad tale to her she seemed fascinated by him and by his history.

"Look," she said, "my father owns a grocery store a few blocks away from here. He could probably give you a job, although, mind you, the pay mightn't be so good to begin with . . . but it would keep you from drinking free coffee for the rest of your life! Come on, let's go and see him."

She grabbed his unresisting hand and led him down the street. There was no one in the store when they came bursting in, except for the girl's father, Mr. Hamilton, who was straightening some canned goods on the top shelves.

"Daddy, are you here? There's someone I'd like you to meet. His name is, Oh, I don't even know. . . ," she broke off.

"Andrew Thorpe, sir, and very pleased to meet you."

"Pleased to meet you too, young man, just a minute."

He climbed down from the ladder.

"Now Carol, tell me what all this is about."

As Carol related their meeting and the boy's plight, he seemed sympathetic and willing to co-operate.

"Well Andrew, I've always needed a responsible boy to run errands and watch the store while I'm out. Consider yourself one of the family." "Let me see," he murmured, "We have a spare room downstairs, where you can stay if you don't mind living with the apple crates and potato sacks. I would offer you a room upstairs, but you see ever since my wife died of TB three years ago, we've been using her room for a living room."

"I'm sorry sir, I didn't know, but there is one thing, Mr. Hamilton, how much do I . . . ?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes, how forgetful of me. Would \$65 a week suit you with room and board? Yes? Good! As a matter of fact the meals in this family are extremely irregular, I hope you don't mind?"

For the next year Andrew found peace in the Hamilton family, he felt that they were the first people to trust him and be his friends, gradually the accumulated hurt of the last 11 years was washed away. Never once did it cross his mind to lie to either of his new found family. He was genuinely interested in his work and even far more so in Carol. Gradually his relationship with her grew to love, romance blossomed and they eventually planned to marry.

Andrew was happy now for the first time he could remember, but deep inside his trouble re-awoke. Although Andrew didn't know it the lies that he had told as a child and later as a teenager had twisted his mind. Sooner or later he was bound to break out again. He remembered how as a child he had told the kids about expensive things in order to impress them, he thought that this too would work for Carol. He began to plan for costly furnishings for their house, he would tell her of these and at first she laughed knowing that those were far beyond their means. But he persisted and she began to grow worried. At last she told her father who, once he heard, of Andrew's extravagant ideas, became worried himself. When he had heard them himself, he knew that there was one thing that he could do, Andrew would have to go. He had been hurt too much by the death of his wife to lose his daughter to someone he distrusted. He was saddened by his decision, he had come to regard Andrew as a member of the family. The next day, he told Andrew that his health was going and that he was closing the store. He felt that he would soften the blow by sending Andrew away this way. Andrew was heartbroken but realized that he would have to move on.

It was raining when he left them; a soggy, sober day that fitted

his mood; when he lifted his eyes the horizon was clouded with the rain clouds, and so it was with him.

“There are many such Andrew Thorpe’s in this world. Twisted in their childhood by the pressure’s of our so called enlightened civilization they are unfortunate, true, but most of them are able to work out their problems for themselves.” The Doctor of Psychiatry put down his notes and faced the class. “The subject I have just been telling you of is a prime example of what is called a ‘compulsive liar.’ The case history is true, and as a matter of fact, he is in the hospital now undergoing treatment. I happen to know that he has an excellent chance of recovery. Right, that’ll do for today, tomorrow we’ll investigate the realms of the kleptomaniac.”

Brian Kenning

A Book Review

THE SEA OF GRASS

BY CONRAD RICHTER

Some thirty thousand years ago the Ice Age swept down across the face of North America carrying with it trillions of tons of soil and stone. Centuries of levelling prairie winds bit into the Rockies sprinkling the plains with shallow loam from Keewatin to New Mexico. The parched land could yield only one crop. Grass, in expanses too vast to conceive, sprouted and flourished in oceans rocked by the wind and trodden by few but the daring.

It is from this magnificent setting that Conrad Richter draws the characters and stirring events which make up his short novel, *The Sea of Grass*. This is the story of the pioneer cattlemen who braved Navajo raids and the bitter assault of nature to establish a loose yet lusty empire over the prairie. As the book opens, the cattleman's ancient right to dictate the laws of the territory is being disputed by homesteaders from the East who are hankering for the subdivision of the high plains into tiny crop farms. This movement for dicing and taming the wild prairie finds its champion in Brice Chamberlain, a young lawyer whose vehement challenge of the ranchers' authority hangs over the novel like smouldering explosive.

The story spans ten years in the life of Hal Brewton, nephew of Colonel Jim Brewton, whose word is the law over more than 600,000 acres of territory. The boy's constantly maturing outlook on the conflict tends to refine and sober the novel. Tragic yet nostalgic, the eventual resolution of this conflict is witnessed through the eyes of a grown man.

Into this world of hate arrives Lutie, a beautiful, sensitive woman, and the Colonel's bride-to-be. She falls secretly in love with the dashing Chamberlain and out of this affair comes the boy Brock.

Brock is both a Brewton and a Chamberlain and the struggle now becomes a part of his very being. For a moment, the reader hopes that he will be the saviour of the conflict — joining the cattlemen and the nesters but as he becomes more and more contrary in his ways, one realizes that a combination of the two extremes can never survive. The death of Brock at the close of the novel is not only his own, but also the death of the prairie and the shattering

of the dreams of Colonel Brewton and the nesters whose beloved plains have ironically turned against them.

Richter's style is simple though expansive and bold, like a film. In fact, this theme has been flogged to death by many movie companies. The author's diversity of characterization, brilliant use of artistic description and above all, his masterful control of conflicting elements sets the book high above the drudgery of the common Western novel. Richter had originally intended the work to be a short story; he had never written and never intended to write a novel. But compressing into a few pages his vast knowledge of the West, gained while living and studying at Albuquerque, New Mexico, was painfully awkward. Despite the author's difficulty in writing it, this book is one of the clearest and most logically developed that I have ever read.

Christopher Peter

Amidst these ivy halls of learning
I study, thinking, mostly yearning,
To loose these bookish chains, these
Manacles of musty dates. No Chillonese
In dungeon dark ere sought the light
As I.

The Town pulses, beckons at the door,
Yet I am roped by unknown lore
Of Math. But you, my love, do you flit?
And flirt your way from wisdom to wit?
Do you flutter round the light of men?
Do you dance? Or do you feel a yen
For Solitude.

The Dutchman rounds his eternal Horn,
The Albatross cries its lonely mourn,
The Bittern booms o'er barren waste,
The Leper dies in unloved haste,
The prisoner far in foreign land
Dreams the time of his Lady's hand.

But I.
The days routines in dragging rote,
Slog on, till I but seem a tiny mote
In a robot world, forgotten by all
I hold dear, for I am held in thrall
By Solitude.

Christopher Statham

BOREALIS

Blowing from the distant reaches
Dancing 'cross the constellations
Came the element of riot
Came the atmospheric scoundrel
Flinging Heavens ordered chaos
Round and down the milky star ways
Down the comets lonely biways
Pausing now to catch a space stone,
Hurl it, chase it, blow it onwards,
Speed it to its destination
Speed it to its immolation
In some plants airy furnace.
Play around the cosmic flotsam
Mingle 'mongst the stony wastes
Star dust tossed around the heavens
Seething sands in surging tide.
Pebbles falling hither, yonder,
By the atmospheric scoundrel
By the elemental riot
By the Universal Wind.

Christopher Statham

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